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SOCIETY AND BUSINESS DIRECTORY

CHAPMAN LODGE NO. 2, A. F. & A. M.
Regular communication first and third Thursdays in each month. Visiting brothers cordially invited. Geo. H. Kinkel, W. M.; Chas. H. Sporleder, Secretary.

LAS VEGAS COMMANDERY NO. 3, Knights Templar. Regular convocation second Tuesday in each month at Masonic Temple, 7:30 p. m. John S. Clark, W. C.; Charles Tamme, Recorder.

LAS VEGAS CHAPTER NO. 3, R. O. T. M. Regular convocation first Monday in each month at Masonic Temple, 7:30 p. m. M. R. Williams, H. P.; Chas. H. Sporleder, Secretary.

EL DORADO LODGE NO. 1, Knights of Pythias. Meet every Monday evening at 8 o'clock. Castle Hall, Visiting Knights are cordially invited. I. P. Havens, Chancellor; Commander, C. M. Bernhardt, Keeper of Record and Seal.

BALDY LODGE, NO. 77, FRATERNAL UNION OF AMERICA. Meets first and third Wednesday of each month at Fraternal Brotherhood hall. Chas. Trambly, F. M.; Bertha C. Thornhill, Secretary. Visiting members cordially invited.

REBEKAH LODGE, I. O. O. F. Meets second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month at the I. O. O. F. hall. Miss Bertha Becker, N. G.; Mrs. Delta Peard, V. G.; Mrs. J. F. Dalley, Secretary; Adelaide Smith, Treasurer.

P. O. E. MEETS SECOND AND FOURTH TUESDAY EVENINGS each month at O. R. C. hall. Visiting brothers are cordially invited. W. M. Lewis, exalted ruler; D. W. Condon, secretary.

EASTERN STAR, REGULAR COMMUNICATION second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month. All visiting brothers and sisters are cordially invited. Mrs. Sarah A. Chaffin, worthy matron; Mrs. Ida Neelinger, secretary.

I. O. O. F., LAS VEGAS LODGE NO. 4. Meets every Monday evening at their hall in Sixth street. All visiting brethren cordially invited to attend. C. W. McAllister, N. G.; E. Comstock, V. G.; R. O. Williams, secretary; W. E. Crites, treasurer; C. V. Hedgcock, cemetery trustee.

FRATERNAL BROTHERHOOD, NO. 102. Meets every Friday night at their hall in the Schmidt building, west of Fountain Square, at eight o'clock. Visiting members are cordially welcome. Jas. N. Cook, president; Jas. R. Lowe, secretary.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS, COUNCIL NO. 804. Meets second and fourth Thursday, O. R. C. hall, Pioneer bldg. Visiting members are cordially invited. W. R. Tipton, G. K.; E. P. Mackel, F. S.

P. O. E. MEETS FIRST AND THIRD TUESDAY EVENINGS each month at Fraternal Brotherhood Hall. Visiting brothers are cordially invited. Jno. Thornhill, president; E. C. Ward, Secretary.

WOMEN MEET IN FRATERNAL BROTHERHOOD hall every second and fourth Thursday, sleep at the eighth ran. Visiting brothers always welcome to the wigwag. David Flint, sachem; Waite H. Davis, chief of records and collector of wampum.

E. E. ROSENWALD Lodge No. 545, I. O. B. B. Meets every first Wednesday of the month in the vestry room of Temple Montefiore, Douglas avenue and Ninth street. Visiting brothers are cordially invited. Chas. Greenclay, president; Rabbi J. S. Raisin, secretary.

PHYSICIANS.
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Suite 4, Crockett Building. Both phones at office and residence.

DR. G. L. JENKINS
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Office: Wheeler Bldg. E. Las Vegas

Intemperance in Cause and Effect.
The drink habit may be the cause of many miseries; but it is, in turn, the effect of other and prior miseries. The temperance advocates may preach their hearts out over the evils of drink, but until the evils that cause people to drink are abolished drink and its evils will remain.—Jack London.

Little By Little.
"Yes, I cut all my little things in wash," said she, "my towels and table napkins and handkerchiefs. My washerwoman doesn't charge me exorbitantly for them. She is very reasonable. She wants to encourage me to put them in, so she can take them away from me one by one without my knowing it."

More Humans.
A Wilkesbarre magistrate has decided that a cow has precedence over an automobile and does not have to wear a red lantern on her tail when standing in the road or nights meditatively chewing her cud. Human beings apparently must take their chances.

A Kansas Blizzard.
A favorite story in western Kansas years ago related how steadily the wind blew; a farmer said that the wind blew a sheet of oats against his barn door, and kept it there three days.—Atchison Globe.

Noisy.
"De man dat makes de mos' noise," said Uncle Eben, "ain't allus de one dat does de mos' work. If he was, de big politicians would have to stop writin' speeches an' learn to play de cornet."

English Imports of Timber.
Of the timber England imports, 87 per cent. is pine and fir, three per cent. oak and ten per cent. teak, mahogany and other furniture woods.

Spent It Freely.
When a girl is told that she has a fortune in her voice, she goes home and declares dividends for the benefit of the neighbors.—Galveston News.

Difficult.
Judge decides that it is difficult at times to account for the bright sayings of some children after hearing their parents talk.

Needs Proper Backing.
"Hope," said Uncle Eben, "is a blessin' when you's willin' to back it wif a little hard work 'stid o' lettin' it play itsef out on a policy ticket."

Oh, Nonsense!
"A little nonsense now an' then," said Uncle Eben, "is all right. But dar's allus a heap o' danger dat it's 'ginter git ter be a habit'."

Gets Much Tobacco from America.
More than one-quarter of the tobacco consumed by the Spanish nation comes from the United States.

Manhood's Supreme Test.
Beecher: The highest manhood resides in disposition, not in mere intellect.

ABSORBLETS

"Stories first heard at a mother's knee," remarked the moralizer, "are never forgotten."

"Yes," replied the demoralizer, "and it is the same with some other things received at a mother's knee."—Chicago News.

Wedderly.—They say that a man and his wife grow to look alike after they have been married a few years. Now, my wife and I have been married ten years. Do you think we look alike? Singleton—Yes, indeed! You both seem to have the same sad expression.—Chicago News.

"We'll need somebody to announce the guests,"

"The butler can do that," said Maw Nuritch.

"Aw, the butler ain't got no class to him," declared Paw Nuritch. "I'll import a train announcer from one of the Chicago depots."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Your speech on the tariff was a masterpiece," said the admiring friend. "I'm glad you liked it," answered Senator Sorghum, "but I don't know whether it will do me any real good at home. The time is past when a statesman can make literature take the place of substantial business advantage with his constituents."—Washington Star.

An eminent lawyer was once cross-examining a very clever woman, mother of the plaintiff in a breach-of-promise action, and was completely worsted in the encounter of wits. At the close, however, he turned to the jury and exclaimed:

"You saw, gentlemen, that even I was but a child in her hands. What must my client have been?"

By this adroit stroke of advocacy he turned his failure into a success.—London Mail.

A major in a certain regiment has a great contempt for incapacity of any kind and is somewhat impatient. A sergeant complained to him that he could get no man to undertake the duty of barber to the company. "Is there no gardener in the company?" asked the major, testily. "See if you can find one and send him to me."

The man was duly sent, but on receiving orders to act as barber veered to exasperation. "Great guns!" cried the major. "If you can cut grass you can cut hair! Go and do it!"—Tit-Bits.

The colored parson had just concluded a powerful sermon on "Salvation Am Free," and was announcing that a collection would be taken for the benefit of the parson and his family. Up jumped an acutely brunette brother in the back of the church.

"Look-a-yar, pahson," he interrupted, "yo' ain't no sooner done tellin' us dat salvation am free dan you go askin' us fo' money. If salvation am free, what's de use in payin' fo' it? Dat's what I want to know. An' I tell yo' p'intedly dat I ain't goin' to gib yo' nothin' until I found out. Now—"

"Patience, brudder, patience," said the parson. "I'll incite: S'pose yo' was thirsty an' come to a river. Yo' could kneel right down an' drink yo' fill, couldn't yo'? An' it wouldn't cost yo' nothin', would it?"

"Ob course not. Dat's jest what I—" "Dat water would be free," continued the parson. "But s'posin' yo' was to hab dat water piped to yo' house? You'd have to pay, wouldn't yo'?"

"Yes, suh, but—" "Wal, brudder, so it is with salvation. De salvation am free, but it's de havin' it piped to yo' dat yo' got to pay fo'. Pass de hat, deacon, pass de hat."—Everybody's Magazine.

Active at 87.
This would be unusual news if men and women would keep themselves free from rheumatism and all aches and pains as well as keeping their muscles and joints limber with Ballard's Snow Liniment. Sold by Center Block Depot Drug Co.

Oh, Nonsense!
"A little nonsense now an' then," said Uncle Eben, "is all right. But dar's allus a heap o' danger dat it's 'ginter git ter be a habit'."

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PREVENTS BALDNESS.

Your money back for the mere asking if Resall "93" Hair Tonic does not make the scalp clean and healthy, nourish the hair roots, cure dandruff, and stimulate a new growth of hair. Put it to a test at our risk. Two sizes, 50c. and \$1.00.

E. G. Murphy, The Rexall Store.

EPWORTH LEAGUE NOTES

(Contributed.)

Last week in league and church circles was quite a busy one, and the following items of interest are chronicled:

At the league devotional service Sunday night, W. G. Ogle, who attended the Epworth League institute, which was held at Winfield, Kansas, last week, gave a concise report of the proceedings, which were both interesting and instructive. The entire service, ably led by Miss Cora Sundt, was full of interest, being well attended.

Dr. Blair preached two excellent sermons Sunday, morning and evening, which were greatly appreciated by those in attendance. Dr. Blair is always a welcome visitor in Las Vegas, he always bringing a message of good cheer and help.

An important business meeting of the league is announced for Tuesday evening at the church, and a full attendance of all members and interested friends is requested, especially by the president. Be sure and get out.

The next regular meeting of the Queen Esther society is announced for Thursday evening at the home of Miss Almira Hammond, on Eighth street. The entire evening will be given over to a social good time, and all members and friends of the society are urged to attend, a good time being assured.

The finest, as well as the most interesting of the stereopticon lectures thus far given are promised for next Sunday evening's service at the church, when "Our Filipino Cousin" will be the subject covered. The views will be of the Philippines and the people of our newly acquired territory, and this lecture should present an opportunity for all to become better educated and versed in what the Filipino people are, and in what is being done in the islands.

Already everyone is looking forward to the annual Methodist picnic, which will be held the latter part of this month, at a place to be selected by an able committee which is already working on the project. By all means lay your plans to take in this event, which always affords the maximum amount of pleasure for the old, as well as for the young.

Seared With a Hot Iron.

Or scalded by overturned kettle—cut with a knife—bruised by slammed door—injured by gun or any other way—the thing needed at once is Bucklen's Arnica Salve to subdue inflammation and kill the pain. It's earth's supreme healer, infallible for boils, ulcers, fever sores, eczema and piles. 25c at all druggists.

A dead beat always gets more credit than he deserves.

If you are all run down Foley's Kidney Remedy will help you. It strengthens the kidneys so they will eliminate the impurities from the blood that depress the nerves, and cause exhaustion, backache, rheumatism and urinary irregularities, which sap the vitality. Do not delay. Take Foley's Kidney Remedy at once. O. G. Schaefer and Red Cross Drug Co.

It is the after effect of experience that counts.

The Crime of Idleness.

Idleness means trouble for any one. It's the same with a lazy liver. It causes constipation, headache, jaundice, sallow complexion, pimples and blotches, loss of appetite, nausea, but Dr. King's New Life Pills soon banish liver troubles and build up your health. 25c at all druggists.

Call up Mala 2 when you have any aews. The Optic wants it.

For indigestion and all stomach trouble take Foley's Orino Laxative as it stimulates the stomach and liver and regulates the bowels and will positively cure habitual constipation. O. G. Schaefer and Red Cross Drug Co.

PRINCE OR PRINCESS

By HUBERT M. SKINNER

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Weird, indeed, are the tales of the ancient Hindus and Persians. Nothing is improbable among people who believe in magic carpets and flying horses. In terrific gull corks up in bottles, and in men transformed into animals. Here is a veracious and very ancient tale from the Sanskrit, which does credit to its original narrator, whoever he may have been.

The great king Nihla-Keton lived and ruled wisely in his beautiful city of Barty-Poura, which was the capital of his flourishing kingdom of Anga-Dessa. You must not ask any questions about these proper names, for one cannot in this day turn to books of geography and history and put his finger upon the persons and places of five or six thousand years ago; and this story is one of the oldest.

The king's premier, the great Lord Vahaca, was a man of wonderful resources, who was equal to every emergency in statecraft. The queen and her three daughters were as beautiful as Dahana, the Dawn. But for one thing, the king's happiness would have been complete. Like Napoleon, a century ago, he lacked an heir; and just as Napoleon was led to divorce the devoted Josephine for purely dynastic reasons, King Nihla-Keton was considering the matter of a separation from the queen.

The ladies of the palace were overwhelmed with sorrow and dread. Just then another child was born. It was a girl. In her desperation, the queen appealed to the great Lord Vahaca to save her; and this he undertook to do at great risk to himself. He announced to the king that at last a son was born—a son, the very image of his sire, evidently favored of heaven, and giving every promise of a glorious career. The king was mad with delight; but according to the etiquette of the time, he must not be permitted to see the child until the twelfth day after its birth. Then he must solemnly greet it and bestow upon it its name at a great mama-carma, or christening feast.

For 12 days he tumbled over in his mind the Sanskrit roots, in a search for a combination which should be grand and inspiring, as becoming the title of such a prince; and for 12 days the mother planned how he might carry on the deception upon which he had entered. The pahritha, or royal astrologer, was appealed to, and for a consideration, doubtless, gave the king the horoscope of the child. The stars, he declared, forbade the formalities of the mama-carma, and would prevent the king from seeing the baby. In fact, he continued, the brilliant career of the prince was strictly conditional. The stars decreed that the king was not to see his son until the latter should be grown and married—which would be about 16 years later, according to Hindu custom. The king was deeply disappointed, but was pacified by the promise of life and health and honor for the prince, and so bowed to the will of heaven. He was at liberty to arrange for his son's education—through the premier, of course—to build a palace for him, and to inquire about him from day to day; but to see the child was out of the question.

Fifteen years passed rapidly away. The great Lord Vahaca was still in his prime, the queen and her daughters were still beautiful. The supposed prince was grown to womanhood. And now, more than ever before, all the parties to the scheme of deception were filled with apprehension, for the king was bent on having his heir married as soon as possible. The proper thing for a royal father to do, in that day, was to raise a large army, place his son at the head of it, invade the realm of some neighboring potentate, and demand the daughter of the latter. King Nihla-Keton followed the custom. He had heard of the beauty of a certain princess of Pataly-Poura. She must be the bride of his son. Troops were gathered in the city of Barty-Poura, and the supposed prince was ordered to lead them to the neighboring capital, to marry the princess, and to return for the royal blessing.

With a faint heart the poor princess of Anga-Dessa determined to carry out her part as best she might, to save herself and her mother from exposure and destruction. But the premier must go along with them. This was granted. The Lord Vahaca had his own head to save, and must make a success of the expedition in some way. And as the army set out, at its head and arrayed in the garb of a prince, rode the luckless maid, while all Barty-Poura rang with cheers, and only the poor king was denied the pleasure of seeing the adored leader. As they drew nigh to Pataly-Poura, the premier was at his wits' end. What was to be done? Luckily, fate offered him a temporary assistance. As they passed through the defiles of a craggy forest, they came upon a great giant of superhuman powers. This giant had the prerogative of being at any time either a man or a woman, at will. But he could change himself temporarily into a woman only when some woman, on agreement, would suffer herself to be, for the time, transformed into a man, so that the balance of the sexes might be preserved.

Here was an opportunity. Could the premier persuade the giant to exchange sexes with the princess? The

great Lord Vahaca set himself to the task, explaining the necessity of the case. And the giant, who was not a bad fellow, gallantly agreed to make the exchange for six days only, to please the fair princess. Bear in mind, the giant did not become a princess, nor the princess a giant. There was no exchange of personality, only instead of a princess and a giant there were now a genuine prince and a giantess. There was little change in the appearance of the two, and no one suspected anything of the strange compact between them.

The light-spirited prince now led his soldiers into the city of Pataly-Poura and up to the royal palace. The king was impressed with the formidable character of the army, and especially with the appearance and deportment of the manly young prince. The latter fell in love with the princess at sight, and she lost her heart as soon as she beheld him. There was a bold, passionate demand for her hand, which was conceded at once. But the wedding must be celebrated on the morrow. How very sudden! What an ardent wooer! Could he not wait at least a week or two? The prince shuddered, but stood firm. Not a day's delay would be permitted.

All things are allowed to lovers. The city of Pataly-Poura improvised a wedding of oriental splendor. For four days it was mad with delight. Illuminations, music, parades, dances and feasting filled the hours. The prince determined to leave the dominions of his father-in-law in short order. No, no. It was useless to talk. Not another day could he remain; not another day.

From the ecstasies of those days he turned to his dark future. On the sixth day he found himself, with his sweet bride, in the rocky forest where the plantains were awaiting him. Would his bride be a party to the terrible secret of his life? Must he and his mother and sisters and the great Lord Vahaca all suffer death when they should be at her mercy? Could he exchange his proud young manhood, so lately possessed, for the inferior estate of woman? He must. The giantess, doubtless, was awaiting him, impatient to return to her own proper self. But where was she? How he dreaded to meet her!

Ah, she comes! But how? Not with impatient, stern demand. Not with stately tread. Slithering, giggling, she comes, to make a statement and proposition. Within the past five days she has had several visits (giggles) from a giant who happened along (te-he!). He had talked and talked with her, and—and he had fallen in love with her (giggles), and she had with him. And now, would the young prince be willing, for any consideration—to make their temporary exchange of sexes a permanent arrangement?

TAUGHT WIFE A LESSON.

New York Business Man Shows Spouse What \$600 Looks Like.

There is a broker's wife residing within pistol shot of the majestic, who learned a lesson in finance recently which, she says, will last her a while. She saw a pretty rug downtown and expressed a wish for its possession. "We don't need it for the moment," she told her husband, "but I am perfectly fascinated with it and I'd like to own it—against the time when we own our house. Please write me a check for the amount—\$600."

The broker is a man of means, but even men of means have looked twice and even thrice of late before buying \$600 rugs that were not of immediate service. This broker, however, is a judge of human nature—or else he wouldn't be a success in his line of business—and he saw an avenue of escape.

"I haven't my book with me," he glibly said, "but I'll send you the money as soon as I get downtown."

And he did. He sent his clerk to the bank with instructions, loaded him up with \$600 in silver, and sent him up to the house. When the man arrived he asked to be shown to the dining room, and without a word he dumped the contents of the sack in which he carried the silver. It made a big pile—600 round, glittering dollars—and Mrs. Broker was impressed.

A check wouldn't have appealed to her for a moment, but the money actually talked. She looked at the heap of silver, and fingered it, too, and at last she said: "You take this money back. Tell Mr. Blank I've changed my mind. I guess I can do without the rug for the present."

Widows' Pensions.

In his annual report President Eliot has this to say about the pensions provided for the widows of professors: "As a resource for a widow in cases of sudden disability or death, the possibility of a Carnegie pension is already a great comfort to men of small means who give their lives to the higher education. It does not relieve men who can get their lives insured from the duty of so doing, but there are some men with families who cannot get their lives insured upon any terms, and others whose expenses are so near their incomes that they cannot save the money for premiums on any adequate amount of insurance."

Giraffe and Okapi.

At a meeting of the London Zoological society the secretary pointed out that the young giraffes have relatively much shorter necks than their parents; the neck in the former being no longer than the fore legs, which it largely exceeds in length in the latter. This, of course, is only what one should naturally expect to occur, but it, nevertheless, serves to bring the giraffe one step nearer the okapi.

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